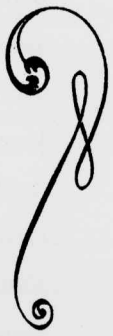
MANITOU

Lincoln High School
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

May, 1957
Vol. 54 Issue 2

-- Manitou --

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE



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To Write Is to Share

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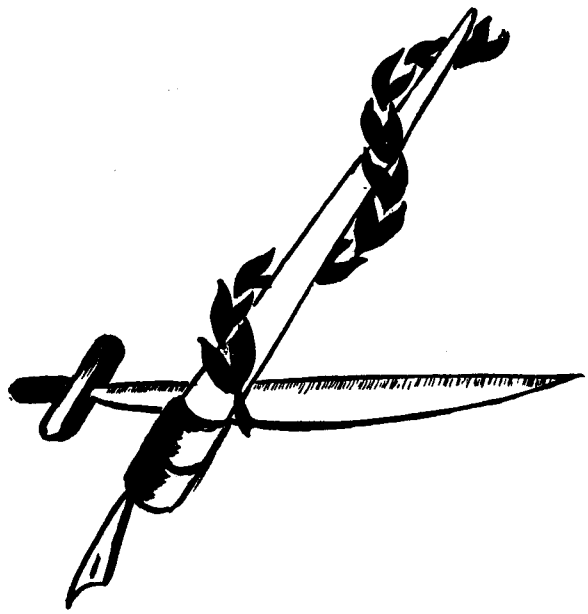
The pen is mightier than the sword



SKETCH

First Place:
Yesterday's Shadows .....Tom Brown '57

Second Place:
Love's Not Time's Fool .....Barbara Rugowski '57

Honorable Mention

Joan Christel '58
Jane Lee Hamman '59
Susan Park '58
Rita Duchon '59
Darlene Duenkel '58
Judith Zagrodnik '58
Mary Ellen Beaton '58
Ellen Peterson '58
Priscilla Uetzman '57
Mary Weber '57
Rosemary Daellenbach '59

BOOK REVIEW

First Place: Anne Frank:
The Diary of a Young Girl .....Joan Radl '57

Second Place:
The Day Lincoln Was Shot .....Sharon Ploederl '57

Honorable Mention

Judith Ott '57
Barbara Rugowski '57
Susan Kletzien '57
Susan Ohde '57
Mary Weber '57

SHORT STORY

First Place:
Honor is Empty ..... Margery Shallue '57

Second Place:
Strand of Hair ..... JoAnn Sleger '59

Honorable Mention

Betty Walker '58
Barbara Rugowski '57
Judie Jochem '58
Thomas Helminiak '58
David Lewis '57
David Lewis '57
Elizabeth Kleiber '58
Ellen Peterson '58
Karen Wensing '58
Sara Smith '59
Paula Ziarnik '57
Kay Dewane '58
Janice Hutchison '58

ESSAY

First Place:
They are the Children ..... Karen O'Hearn '58

Second Place:
What is a Teenager? ..... Jean Wellner '57

Honorable Mention

Bernita Andrastek '58
Robert Trefz '57
Kay Dewane '58
Margery Shallue '57
Doris Peterson '59
Doris Peterson '59
Joan Radl '57
Joanne Rogne '58
Mary Ellen Beaton '58
Rita Duchon '59
Bernita Andrastek '58
Sharon Diederich '58
Italo Giovannoni '57

POETRY

First Place:
Recall ..... Karen O'Hearn '58

Second Place:
Modern Age ..... Katherine Herman '57

Honorable Mention

Thomas Mlada '59
LaVonne Oestreich '58
Leigh Weber '57
Ellen Peterson '58
Nancy Kovar '58
Janice Hutchison '58
Nancy Roberts '58
Susan Kletzien '57
Italo Giovannoni '57
Joan Gadzinski '57
Margery Shallue '57
Sandara Schelthelm '58
Lou Anne Rehrauer '58

MY FIRST

First Place:
My First Addiction ..... Joan Radl '57

Second Place:
Never Do Today ..... Lynn Fishbeck '58

Honorable Mention

Tom Brown '57
Kay Dewane '58
Mary Ann Newberg '57
Lois Gieschen '58
Carol Schwartz '58
Jane Lee Hamman '59
Nancy Roberts '58
Alphonse Szecsei '57
Barbara Rugowski '57
Grant Hartman '57
Louise Aplin '59
Ronald Pollen '57
Priscilla Uetzmann '57
Sue Schmiedicke '59
Jean Krieser '57

●

Judges

Karen Meyer, Chairman

Richard Adams

Richard Ausman

Lee Kadow

Allan Koritzinsky

Jean Krieser

We chose because . . .

THIS MAGAZINE, using the symbol of the dove and the blue and white colors of the U. N. flag, has been put out with the understanding that students of high school age especially deny the feeling of racial, religious and economic differences. With the desire to portray everyone's feeling toward our friends at home and abroad, we have chosen the theme of peace and brotherhood. Some of the articles and stories use this theme as their basis.

The attempt to express to others our feelings and thoughts by writing them down is an act of brotherhood through communication. It is with this thought that the MANITOU staff proudly presents this magazine, with gratitude to all those who made the magazine possible.

●

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Susan Ohde

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Susan Park

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Judie Jochem
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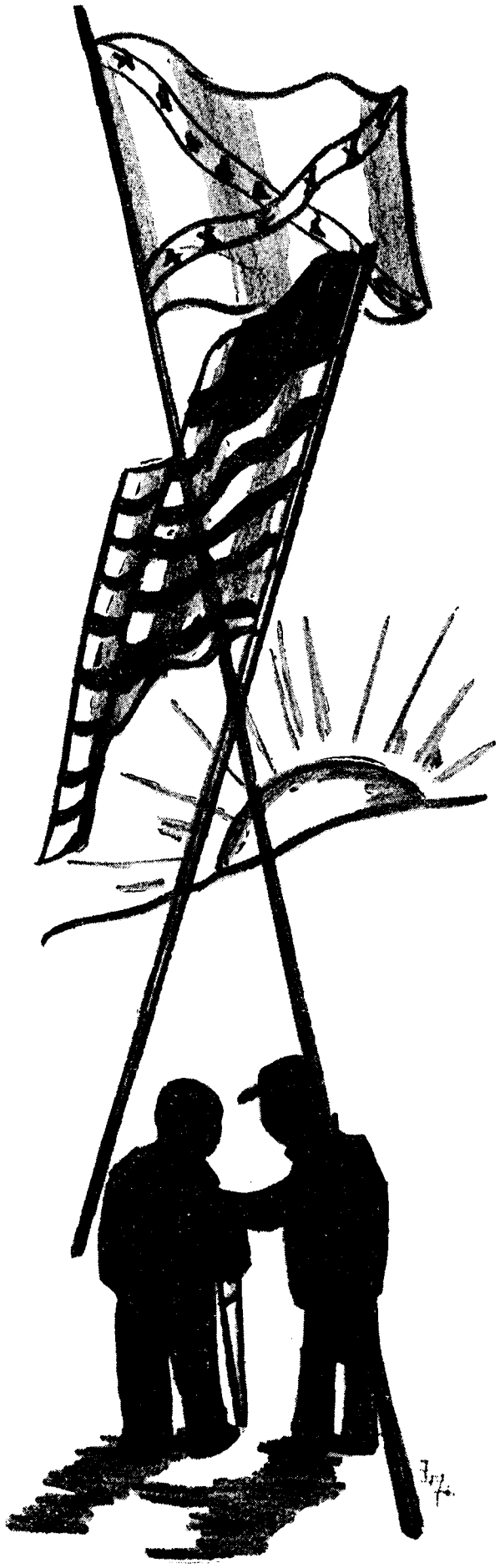


by Karen O'Hearn

Recall

The wind from the north brought the Yankee host;
A breeze from the south called the Rebel ghost.
And there as I watched, they met on the plain,
Where the South—Johnny Reb—had fought, but
in vain.

The Yank towered over his vanquished foe,
Whose face was battered and beaten with woe.
But the Reb was not conquered at all, by no chance;
For he flashed Yank a look that bore stark defiance.

Then Yank's war-torn face smiled sort of a smile
As if thinking, "Why, we only fought for a while!
The war's over now, and what is the use,
Of treating old Johnny with scorn and abuse?"

His sort of a smile broadened into a grin;
He's opened his soul and let justice in.
One giant stride; he was near to the other;
"Come on," he said. "Let's go there—brother!"

Together they marched off, into the night;
They'd forgotten their pain; they'd forgotten the
fight.
I seemed to hear bugles and fifes in the west;
The war's over now. God, let them rest.

by Mary Weber

Never, Never, Never — A Tribute

I WAS JUST a little girl, Dad, but I haven't forgotten. Remember how you always carried me upstairs to bed? I always cried the nights you weren't there. The next night you'd have to make up for it by carrying me up twice, remember? All the way up, back down, and all the way up again. Sometimes you'd read me a story, but usually you sat on the edge of the bed with me on your lap and we would have a "conference." Those "conferences" were so terribly important. They concerned vital matters in the life of a five-year-old. Remember the time you said I was worth a million, and I wanted to know how you and Mommy could afford to pay for me?

Then after I mumbled through infinite lists of "God bless so and so" along with assorted other prayers, poems, songs and impromptu monologues, you'd tuck me in.

"Whose girl are you?" you'd ask.

"Mommy's girl, Daddy's sweetheart, Caroline's Skipper and Betty's Butch," I'd rattle off. I don't remember how it all originated, but it had to be included in the ritual.

"Whose sweetheart?" you'd repeat.

"Daddy's," I'd say again, exasperated, wondering how such a smart man could forget so easily. After all, I told you every night. Nevertheless, I was wounded if you happened to forget to ask.

Sometimes when you carried me, you'd go through all sorts of contortions to show me how "big" I was getting.

"Pretty soon you won't be able to carry me anymore. I'll bet by tomorrow night I'll be all grown up," I'd boast.

You always looked sad when I'd say that.

"You're right, sweetheart," you'd tell me. "By tomorrow night you will be grown up. You'll be so busy making your Mommy and me so proud that you'll forget all about your old sweetheart."

"Oh, no, I won't, Daddy. Cross my heart, I'll never forget! Never, never, never."

I don't know where those next years went, Dad, but there are so many things about them that stand out in my memory. "Helping" you with your handyman jobs at home, following you around the g o l f course, fishing and swimming. But that's not all, Dad. The standards and values you set during those years have guided me every day of my life. That time I lied to Mom. You didn't spank me. You didn't even have to say much. I've despised liars ever since. And remember the time you brought home all those steel balls we used for playing marbles? "Steelies," I called them. Enterprising little rascal that I was, I sold them to all the neighborhood kids. You made me give back every cent. And how about the time we were in Sturgeon Bay that summer? You explained how it hurt people's feelings to be giggled at, even if their skin did look "like a Hershey bar."

You see, Dad, I do remember. I remember the night—let's see, I was twelve years old by then—I came home after a Scout meeting and started upstairs to my room.

"Just a minute, what's the rush?" you called. "Come here and let me see you. Is that the little girl I used to carry upstairs?"

I waited, curiously wondering what you were getting at.

"Whose sweetheart are you?"

"Huh? Oh, for gosh sakes, Dad!"

"I suppose you've forgotten all about that. You were just a little girl. You used to answer - "

"Crumps, Dad," I interrupted impatiently, "that was ages ago!"

"Was it?" You looked at me for a moment and I found myself shifting from one foot to the other, unable to meet your gaze.

"Well, I was just kidding, I guess. You run along up to bed now. Don't mind your old-fashioned father."

I felt so guilty, Dad. I had to say something to stop you from looking so beaten.

"Look, Dad, I--I didn't really forget. Honest! I'm your sweetheart. You know that."

"Of course you are, honey. Now you go get some sleep. You have to keep up that energy."

"All right, Dad. G'night." I kissed you on the cheek and went slowly up the stairs, hating myself for making such a mess of things.

Now another six years have gone by, Dad. People still tell me how lucky I was to have had you as long as I did, and what a wonderful man you were. They don't have to tell me, Dad. I know.

You were right about my growing up, too. At least, I'm working at it. And I am busy trying to make you and Mom proud of me, just the way you said. Maybe this is the "tomorrow night" you always spoke of. Maybe it is, but here's where you were wrong, Dad. You see, I haven't forgotten. I'll never forget. Never, never, never.

by Joan Christel

Handyman's Pride

IS THERE A do-it-yourself male adult in your house? If there is, we have a mutual problem, and I mean problem. I will give you the brief story of some of my experiences with it.

Hanging a picture started out to be, "Oh it'll only take a minute," and resulted in a four-hour project. He got out the tape measure, the ladder ,and took a trip downtown for a special kind of nail. When he returned he found he had the wrong size and again returned downtown.

Upon returning he got out a drill and again proceeded to work. Then he had to be sure and hit the two by four in the wall so he wouldn't crack the plaster. He backed down the ladder, muttering something about not being able to see. Rigging up a new lighting system and procuring his glasses, he continued.

The drill was buzzing and I'd guessed he'd be done in a minute. With a flash, the lights blacked out. After groping through the dark, he replaced the fuse with the aid of a flashnlight. The buzzing resumed for a few seconds, then subsided. Then he started hammering.

Suddenly I saw a jagged line creeping across the wall. You guessed it, a crack. I heard a few words that my mother had warned me not to say. He finally gave up and hung the picture on an adhesive back picture hanger.

A more recent project of his was to clean the basement. He always said, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." In our house, that place happens to be the rafters on the basement ceiling. His aim is to get everything which includes, stepladders, skiis, sleds, usless boards, opened paint cans, garden supplies, fishing equipment, guns, broken lawn chairs, floor mops, ropes, old boots and shoes, and sheets of glass for unknown purposes off the floor to m a k e cleaning it easier.

His plan includes scrubbing the floor by washing it with a garden hose. This requires little work on his part but presents quite a few problems when one is looking for something in a hurry.

Everytime I attempt to reach my ice skates one of them manages to fall, and either hit me or the concrete floor. I don't know which is worse. The pingpong table is nailed flush against the wall, never to be used I presume.

He has succeeded in getting everything up on the rafters except the furniture in the recreation room and my mother's washer and dryer. Any day we expect to see them suspended by ropes. This wouldn't be so bad, but it hasn't done any good. Because everything is so abstract, no one goes down into the basement, so it doesn't get dirty ,and doesn't need cleaning or scrubbing.

Things like this go on day after day in our house as I'm sure they do in many others. Mom and I just watch, smile and shake our heads as our do-it-yourself man revolutionizes our home.

by Karen O'Hearn

They Are the Children

ARE THE CHILDREN crying yet? Do they still scream as the starvation gnaws at their swollen little bellies?

We know. We heard them. We saw them. They were there as we marched through Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel. They watched with fear-pinched faces as we took Anzio and Salerno; when we stormed Normandy. They ran when our shells burst over Heartbreak Ridge and our tanks rumbled through the mud of Seoul.

Children, always the children. The orphans of civilization. They never grew, were never fully clothed, always hungry, always crying.

We are the doughboys, the dogfaces; the boys grown up overnight into dirty-faced, bearded men with bloodshot eyes, mudcaked clothes and death in our hands.

At first we were soft-hearted and thought of sons and brothers back home. Time and experience aged us. We became deaf to their muted whimpers, blind to their nakedness. But we could never forget them. They were there, whether they cried for "Mutter" or "Maman." Impressed on our minds for years were the children; clutching futilely at the hand of a mother face buried in rubble, pulling at our legs and shouting in a foreign tongue, "Are you my Papa?"

The eyes were the worst. They bored through our self-attained shells and silently asked a million questions. "Where are my mother and my grandfather, my little brother and my dog? Why did my house suddenly fall down? Did you take my little toy bear? I cannot find it. Why am I hungry? Where is my mother?"

And the eyes of those dead, glazed, staring upward.

"Dear Lord, I was just a little boy, why did those men hurt me, why did they kill me?"

Who can answer your question, little one? We marched away from you, a world away, to a land of happy children.

But you are still there. We know and we don't like to think about it. You can no longer feel hunger and pain and heartache; but the others, your brothers and sisters . . .

Are they still crying?

by Nancy Kovar

Taps

The flaming logs give out diamond
Sparks to the silent night;
The moonbeams glance off the lake and
Creep through the tall pines;
Lone, clear tones of taps break the
Lonely stillness of the woods.

The sweet smelling pines majestically
Silhouette the night sky;
The fading embers of the golden campfire
No longer send shadows to the hillside;
Taps, the end of the day, bring my
Thoughts nearer to God.

by Lynn Fishbeck

Never Do Today . . .

HOW AND WHY some people can do things right away I'll never know, as my first and foremost maxim is this: "Never do anything now that can possibly be done later." I could be classed as one of the world's greatest procrastinators. And the worst part of it is that I have such wonderful intentions.

For example: On many occasions I have decided that I am going to lose at least ten pounds. And when I make up my mind to something, I really do it in a big way! No desserts, no sweets, no fried foods, etc. Just regular meals with NO extra helpings.

For breakfast I have one piece of toast and a glass of milk. For dinner I have one sandwich and an apple. I always pack my own lunch because that cafeteria food is much too fattening!

This works out fine. Now for supper I eat a very tiny portion of potatoes, a medium-sized piece of meat, and two kinds of vegetables. As a bonus for being so good all day, I even get to have a full glass of milk.

Everything is okay until about an hour after supper when my troubles begin. Upon feeling a little hungry I decide that one small cookie won't hurt me. It tastes so good I just have to have another. Result: minus one box of cookies.

Now I have done it! I've ruined my whole day's dieting. But, since I have already gone overboard, I may as well have some ice cream because after today I'll never be able to eat any more of it. Tomorrow? Boy, then I'm really going to starve myself!

Homework! How I love to do homework. I really do. In fact I think that I'll go right home from school tonight and study until supper time so that

I'll be all finished before I go to Mariners.

3:30 p. m. I arrive home. Upon entering the house I find a letter from Judy. Well, it's about time! The letter reads:

Dear Sue,

I've been awfully busy so please forgive me for not writing. I'm really having a ball at school. Wish you could be here.

What are you doing for excitement? Etc.,

Love, Judy

I decide to answer. After I complete the letter, mother calls, "Sue, will you please go to the store for me?"

"Yes, mother."

I go past the mailbox, so I can mail my letter.

5:30: Home again and supper time.

6:30: Off to Mariners and no homework done yet. The meeting shouldn't last too long so I can do my homework as soon as I get home.

9:30: Extra long meeting! Now to begin the much dreaded chore. By this time my efficiency is almost nil.

In haste I do my Latin, speech, and chemistry and trudge off to bed. But what about that Manitou entry that is due?

"Oh, well, I'll do it tomorrow!"

The Tree of Life

by Susan Park

I KNOW A TREE that stands with branches humbly bowed, yet searching for the light.

Its limbs are powerful and strong, its trunk a sturdy base to hold the multitude of branches stretching, calling outward to each living mind. "Come, stay and rest your weary body here a while, for I shall give you comfort and a place to lay your troubled head."

My tree has flowers of the purest beauty. A blossom opens wide and stretches filmy petals to the sky. Bright pinks and hues of gold its colors burst; and scents of rarest loveliness pour forth to permeate the air.

Each flower withers as fair youth is lost, but in its place hearty fruit, the product and lifeblood the tree has born.

Now come and strip the branches bare. Remove the choicest crop, those fruits with rosy hue so plump and trim. Take from the tree its burden; let the aching limbs once more stretch out toward the light.

So barren now that tree which yesterday was filled with life abundant. Where did they go, those fruits of love and beauty? Ah, they are gone, while others on the tree grow brown and slowly rot away.

Is all life lost? Has God forsaken now this tree which once brought forth his handiwork and grace?

Put trust in Him, ye sons of men; will not the tree bring forth its fruit again? The oldest may die but new life always carries on.

If you should seek this miracle, look not in forest green nor in a meadow fair, for only in the soul the tree of life shall bloom through loving care.

by Carol Schwartz

My First Evaluation of

Outdoor Living

THE SUMMER I was approaching the seventh grade, my parents, like a lot of other parents who believe that children need good companionship, out-of-door living, and a few weeks away from home, sent me to camp. This camp just happened to be one of the best of its type in the United States. It specialized in canoe tripping which should appeal to most kids who probably would die for a chance to go to any camp. Well, I hated it. First of all, I despised out-of-door living; and, I had all the companionship I needed at home. Needless to say, I went. After all, what had I to lose but a complete dislike of nature?

The camp lasted three weeks, which was four weeks too long. (It took me a week to get ready.) When my trunk and bedroll were finally packed it looked as though I was about to spend six months at the Arctic circle. My pet belongings consisted of "Gone With the Wind", a toy panda, two boxes of my mother's good stationery, a telephone book and eighteen packages of gum which was not allowed.

I had to take a train to camp as it was about two hundred miles from home. We arrived there at about 10 p. m., a very frightening hour to be arriving at a destination one knows absolutely nothing about. The place was immense and seemed to be spread out all over creation. I was sure I'd never find my way back to civilization. The thought of three weeks in nowhere was enough to make me want to go home at first sight.

After a sleepless first night, day dawned and I was recovered enough from the first shock of it all to finally realize the whole truth. There was no way out!

The girls I met were nice, a rather collective term which I could break apart if I ever had the need to.

The first two days found us in orientation, which was more or less a subtle way of telling us that we were girls and knew absolutely nothing about out-of-doors, pitching tents, carrying canoes and chopping down trees (small ones). At the time I was particularly boy crazy, so the demonstrations proved interesting when performed by terrific looking college boys who were staff members.

From the time I had learned there were boys in the world that were supposed to be strong and carry on feats like camping and chopping down trees, I divulged that I wouldn't be caught dead doing that sort of thing. Women were the weaker sex, I believed, and it was with that in mind that I embarked on my camping career.

In about a week, I discovered that in just about another week I would have to go on a canoe trip for three days. Actually this consisted of paddling a canoe, pitching tents, cooking over a fire and sleeping with mosquitoes for three days. Nevertheless, I survived it. It was an experience I would never forget.

My counselor, a sort of female Paul Bunyan, loved me. She often said that I wasn't completely hopeless as a camper. This really didn't make me feel too bad. I never did consider myself "girl athlete of the year" anyway.

The three weeks ended all too soon, that is, for my parents. Everyone cried at the end — as a matter-of-fact, I did too. Maybe it was because I couldn't wait to get back to civilization.

I just want to say in closing that I went back the next summer . . . and the next . . . and the next!

by Jean Wellner

What is A Teenager?

A TEENAGER IS MADE to feel that each decision plays a part in his future, and yet the important things often seem immaterial to him. He dreams big dreams, but what he does looks small and insignificant to him. He longs to please, but even his best efforts seem to go wrong. Although he may be thinking good things, what he says turns out to be rude or misleading; and even when he knows the right answer in his classes, he often cannot say it.

He loves his friends, but still he hurts them. He falls in and out of true love many times and spends hours wishing for someone who "understands." In all things he is either too young or too old. He wants to decide things for himself, yet he feels he needs help in making decisions. His parents irritate him by telling him what to do, but if they don't advise him he feels lost and unwanted. He desires to be a strong individual without being different from his particular crowd of friends.

Each wonderful new experience seems to be followed by a major tragedy. The teenager goes from one extreme to another. One day he is on top of the world; the next day he is in the depths of despair. Every day is years long, but when it is past, the memories are too brief.

And then, finally, yet suddenly, he reaches that wonderful adult world he has been yearning for so long.

He is thrilled by the privileges and challenges it presents, but soon he exchanges his feelings of delight and wonder for the more comfortable feeling of security. Then, before long, he forgets those years; and he, too, joins the rest of the grownups in saying, "Oh, to be a carefree teenager again."

by Italo Giovannoni

I'll be Lucky Tomorrow

My mind
Wanders in
The ethereous world
Of my
Solitude . . . . .
The future's
Vision
Appears far
And uncertain
Like the swinging
Developments
Of our life . . . . .
If one could
Hold his
Fate in
His hands,
And break the
Ropes of
His destiny . . . . .
Life is crude
Like the daily
Strife:
Only the
Valiant
Survives;
The coward
Shall lose.
The spirit counts,
For all matter
Is corruptible.
Luck is
Nothing;
The willingness
Is all.
Tomorrow will
Be another
Day,
Promising, like
The seed of a
Man's
Hope.

by Barbara Rugowski

Love's Not Time's Fool

I SAW HIM take her hand. She looked into his dark brown eyes and said some cute little remark that made him laugh. I turned away.

I saw him on the basketball court. He waved only so slightly to her as he came out onto the floor. It was almost unnoticeable. She sat in the stands and looked only at him. Hastily with eyes front, I cheered as loud as anyone else around me.

I ran towards my creative class knowing that if I didn't hurry, I'd be a sure bet for a tardy slip. I dodged past them on second floor. I refused to let my eyes give them a second glance. They looked so coherent together. They were both standing in the wing, both wearing beige crew-neck sweaters, and both with a small milk carton in their hands.

Sunday evening at the show I saw him buy her ticket and take her arm as they walked down the darkened aisle together. Quickly I spoke to the girls I was with not remembering what I was saying, not caring either.

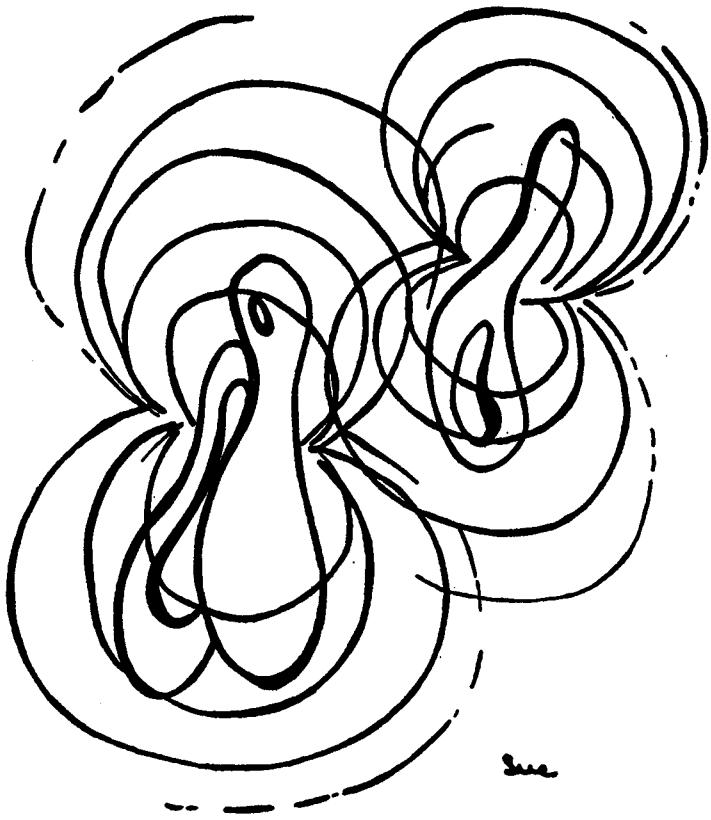
He took her skating this winter. She wasn't really so good. I could skate circles around her. Yet he was enjoying himself.

Sometimes he flirted with me in the cafeteria line. (He was the biggest flirt!) Then I used to hope . . . Maybe, just maybe he's tired of her. But no, I was only building myself up for another letdown.

They were at the Prom together this year. He had sent her a pink colonial bouquet with white ribbons. We bumped into each other once while we were dancing . I had hoped he'd look up and say "Excuse us" or something and then notice me, but they just kept right on dancing.

He took her to the Commencement dance too. I saw them dancing together. I saw him bend his head and she lift hers just as if no one were around. Maybe he'd forget about her when he goes away to school this fall. After all, next year she'd still be in high school!

During the summer I had seen them together at band concerts. I always tried to be the gayest in my crowd when he passed by, but he never noticed.



Once we attended the same beach party. Nancy had a birthday and she invited just everyone. Our hot-dog forks touched when we sat around the campfire, but he didn't care. He still focused his attentions on her.

I saw them at the county fair together. They were just getting off the ferris wheel as we were getting on. I remember saying something that made the girls laugh. I laughed a lot too, but there was no ring to it.

It seemed that everywhere we went I saw them. They were eating sno-cones or talking with other couples or getting on or off another ride, or else he was trying for the umpteenth time to win that black and white panda for her. I would have given anything to be in her shoes that night!

I sometimes wonder whether I'll ever get over him. I always have with other boys. But that was with other boys. I don't know. The saying goes that "Love's not Time's fool."

by Tom Brown

Yesterday's Shadows

ED JOHNSON was walking down Main Street. The day was warm; the sun shining, and all the people hustling about for the weekend sales. Ed heard the jukebox blasting away at the corner soda fountain where all the teenagers gathered for a jive session.

Ed walked on lazily, for he had nowhere in particular to go. He decided to cross the street and see what was playing at the theater. Upon reaching the corner and starting to cross, he was nearly knocked down by a recklessly driven hot rod. Absentmindedly, Ed yelled out, "You crazy kids, you . . . " Then he caught hold of himself and being full of shame, he quietly whispered, "I'm sorry."

He began to think back to the years when he was a crazy kid. Back! Back! Back! He was quite a nuisance. Always in some sort of trouble. His school days as well as his companions and neighborhood activities were a bad mark against him. He was known as the little neighborhood monster.

His delinquency continued until the day he stood at the bedside of his dying mother. With tears in his eyes, he listened to her speak to him of his mischievousness. Nearly exhausted, she said, "Ed, I've tried to be a good mother to you. I couldn't afford to give you all the nice things the other boys in the neighborhood had. I thought that maybe you'd understand, but instead you turned out to be a good for nothing hoodlum."

With these last words she closed her eyes and breathed her last breath. Ed looked at her, shocked and hoping he could do something, but it was too l a t e. From that time on he made up his mind that he was going to be something to make up for all the sorrow he had caused his mother.

Now as Ed continued to walk down Main Street, still daydreaming; all of a sudden, he bumped into Mr. Davis, the town banker. "Oh! I'm sorry," Ed said quite apologetically.

Mr. Davis smiled at him and said, "That's all right, Father Ed; I do the same thing myself sometimes."

Peace and Brotherhoo

THIS ARTICLE is an effort to bring interested readers up-to-date, as much as possible, on what the foreign students who have attended Lincoln High School within the past three years are doing.

These excerpts from their various letters will give you an idea of what their visit here has accomplished for them and how it brought about a different viewpoint of America to take back to their friends and families.

It will also tell of the feelings of a European family who had an American student living with them during the summer months.

If information is not given on this page about some students, it has been impossible to obtain enough information on their recent activities to bring you any news of them.

ARNE OLSEN ('54-'55) isn't the corresponding type, as many of his friends have found out. The only letter that could be obtained from Arne asked his friend to send him some "horror comics" because some of his Danish friends wanted to see them. Typically Arne!

INGRID (Ini) von BORRIES ('55-'56) writes, "I am used to Germany again, used to my old home, my school, my new classes, etc. But I do think of my dear friends in America often. I am missing you so much. In five years, I will try to visit you again. And this hope makes me happy. Mother has already allowed me to try out for another scholarship, after I have finished my education. But till then I still have to work quite a lot.

"The other day, I was invited to a dancing party at a girl-friend's house. There was a boy with whom I talked English for the whole evening. He told me that he doesn't like 99.5 per cent of the Americans. Well! I told him! About my two American brothers, my family and all the other wonderful people I met in America. I was just sad that he had such a bad idea about America. Told him he should go to U.S.A. and meet more different people. Hope he will change his ideas someday!"

In a letter dated April 20, 1957, she related, "Jorg visited me at Celle at the beginning of this week. Can you imagine how much fun we had warming up old memories about Manty and all its wonderful people? Both of us had taken a lot of pictures and now we could show them to each other."

JORG LAMMERS is from East Germany and was here at Lincoln for the '55 - '56 school year. Americans aren't the only ones who have parties. Jorg says, "I gave a party for my friends, and had it in our basement. We were altogether twenty people, ten boys and ten girls. The main thing was in the room which is our party room, but it is not big enough so we decorated the basement hall with colored paper and colored light bulbs. A friend brought his phonograph with very good dance music on it, mostly rock n' roll and blues and jazz and we danced. The whole thing lasted from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Jorg also plans to see Sten Lindberg (Sweden '55-'56) and Peter Nyquist, (Norway '55-'56 Two Rivers) while on a motorcycle trip this summer.

STEN says that school ". . . is hard w
from the Swedish school doesn't make
and, of course, in English, I think my g

It seems that Sten and a friend, wl
their school. "We told them about AFS
AFS summer program, so we hope it w
can kids coming over here next summer

"I just got my driver's license. M
school, because it is difficult to pass th
high so I took the chance of trying wit
plenty of money that way. You can se
only have to convince my dad that I h
are now four persons in the family with
Volkswagen! We will have to fight for

Sten also mentioned competing in

"That is a sport you can find only
cross-country race, without any course
or six places out in the woods, and in
sometimes very hard) we use a map a

)d Through Exchanges

work, but I have found that my absence
:e my grades go down. Instead, in math
/ grades will be higher."

who had been in America, gave a talk to
'S and our experiences, and also about the
will be easy to find hosts for the Ameri-
ıer.

Most people in Sweden go in a driver's
the test. But the price for lessons is very
thout their help and succeeded, and saved
what a little Scotchman I am! Now I
have use for the car sometimes, too. We
th a driver's license, and we have just one
or it."

n a sport called "orientering."

y in Scandinavian countries. It is kind of
e marked out. We have to report at five
n order to get to these places (which is
and a compass."

MAKOTO FUJII, better known as Mako, has discovered that " . . . music is the universal language. We have proved it in Manty. And I aways tell my friends at home that you people in Manty liked Japanese music a lot.

"I have so many things to tell you that I don't know where to start! I'll begin with AFS things. Well, Japan is planning to have some summer students (six or seven at most) this year. . . .so it will be wonderful if someone could come from Manty because my family and I just love our Manitowoc.

"Please write to tell me anything happening in Manty. And do come to visit Japan! It's wonderful country! (This is 'commercial')."

NOW THAT you've read about how the foreign students who have lived with families in Manitowoc within the past three years feel about international exchange and you have seen that it has served its purpose, possibly you might like to hear a different viewpoint, one of a European who had an American stay-in with him in Germany for a summer. His opinions differed quite greatly at the beginning and end of the summer and he wishes to stress that what he has written is just one person's viewpoint. Here are some of Jochim Kreusler's feelings during the summer that Mike Clark stayed with his family.

"It was just an incident, that I had Michael staying with me for three months. I heard about the AFS in our high school. The representative of the section of Munich was looking for kids who would like to have a 'foreigner' in their family.

"I didn't believe in 'foreigners.' I thought, students all over the world should be something the same. All of them are students and all of them are young, so I figured it shouldn't be too difficult to live together for a couple of months. After all, I knew some American soldiers.

"My father agreed to have one of the AFS'ers stay with us and the day came when Mike arrived at Munich.

"We drove home in a Volkswagen, and I was very proud that my family had one of these, because not every family in Germany had a car like they have here. I was so proud, but Mike was only astonished about these funny little cars.

"The following three months we had lots of fun. At first my friends and I had a little trouble, because Mike wasn't impressed by anything. Maybe we Germans are romantic and overdramatic in the eyes of the Americans, but, in Germany, it is a big event going to a concert, having a tennis tournament, or even climbing into the mountains for a weekend. It isn't only a "social activity affair"; it is not only for fun. Maybe you can understand it better when I say that they throw all their personality into the job.

"When Mike left, he left me the desire to learn more about America-maybe to live their for a little while. Now I am here and I understand it at once-that miracle of this wonderful summer-I know now what America really means.

"Somehow I am grateful to the AFS because it built a bridge over the Atlantic, a bridge of understanding. . . . "

LAST, BUT not least, our foreign representatives from this year have made a few comments. Nenita Sabugo, from the Philippine Islands says, " 'When the heart is too full, the tongue can't speak.' This saying is true to me. I can't find words fitting to convey my heartfelt gratitude for the wonderful time you have given me, your friend across the vast Pacific, who has come to benefit from the good motives of the great American nation, the United States, in her efforts and interests to promote greater friendship and understanding among nations.

"My parents in the Philippines convey also their gratitude for your hospitality to their daughter. Though I am very far away from home-10,000 miles away-your deep concern, love and kindness cut the distance short.

"Thank you for everything!"

ITALO GIOVANNONI from Italy praises AFS to the sky!

"American Field Service! Three words which will remain always printed in my mind as the symbol of friendship, understanding and cooperation.

"This program, born and developed through the initiative of young people, is a sure bulwark against the defeatism which pervades this modern world.

"The effort of all the AFS'ers is the foundation for the development of world understanding and peace.

"There is no barrier of language, faith or nationality among the AFS family. Rome and Karachi, New York and Copenhagen, Madrid and Tokoyo are united by the invisible AFS link of fraternity.

"AFS has not the miraculous medicine to save every problem; AFS is a sincere hope for a better future. With this hope we'll face the future."

by Jane Lee Hamman

A Nonsensical Evening

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IT WAS AN extremely hot, humid July evening. Sherry was curled up in her father's mammoth armchair watching TV and waiting for her parents to come home. Her pair of Siamese cats were also curled up, sleeping peacefully in a chair across the room. The clock chimed eleven. "My, I'm getting sleepy," thought Sherry. She gracefully uncurled herself and wandered into the kitchen to find something to munch on.

A few seconds later she came back into the den, plopped herself down and tucked her feet under her mutely watching TV. Suddenly there was a muffled step outside under the window; so silent that not even the cats heard it. Then slowly, so very slowly, the door slid noiselessly inward.

The crouching figure of a man, wearing a brown tweed topcoat and a hat pulled low over his forehead, entered. After seeing only one person in the room, he chuckled revengefully to himself, and glided forward, gripping his forty-five automatic in his hand. Step by step he crept closer. The gun raised slightly; there was one loud crack and a reverberating thump as the body hit the floor. The intruder turned with a vindictive smile and ran from the room.

Sherry groaned aloud, "What will they think of next!"

She jumped up and turned off the television.

by JoAnn Sleger

Strand of Hair

"MRS. DORCHESTER, here is your hot milk. It's almost . . ." Dora paused terrified and dropped the silver tray she was holding. The elderly Mrs. Dorchester was lying on the floor.

"Jones Jones!" Dora yelled to the calm butler, "call the police. Hurry! Mrs. Dorchester has been murdered!"

Mrs. William Dorchester had been a gracefully aged person, a woman who wore velvets of deep blues and purples, created especially for her. She lived in the mansion on the hill in Elm Grove, New York, and was the wealthiest woman in the small community. She had had only one son who, because of his enthusiasm for cars and great speed, had lost his life in an auto accident. Diane and Louise, Mrs. Dorchester's two daughters, and the remainder of her relatives were sure to receive any money or property that would be left.

Jones had telephoned the police. In about twenty minutes two police cars approached the house, and a number of policemen started investigating the grounds of the Dorchester estate. Two men entered the elongated hall of the house. Jones showed them to the large den where Mrs. Dorchester lay.

"We didn't touch a thing, sir," Jones said as he left the room.

The two detectives began a detailed search of the room, hoping to find evidence left by the murderer.

"Maybe you ought to call and see what's delaying the lab men," Higgins said as he nodded toward the phone.

"I think I will," Bradford told him as he lifted the receiver. He listened for a moment and then he motioned Higgins over to him. "Listen," he said, with his hand over the mouthpiece.

"You've got to come over! I went to my room crying as soon as I saw mother. I began thinking. Jones, Dora, and I were the only ones in the house when mother was murdered. They might accuse me of killing her! I wouldn't know what to say, except that I didn't kill her, which certainly wouldn't help me prove my innocence. You've just got to come!" a hysterical voice said.

"There must be an extension to this phone in the house," Lieutenant Bradford said. "Jones can tell us where it is," he added as he walked into the hall and called for Jones, "Where is the extension telephone?"

"It's in Miss Louise's room, sir. Shall I call her?" Jones asked obligingly.

"Miss Louise? Who is she?" Bradford asked, not recognizing the name Jones had said.

"Why, she's Mrs. Dorchester's daughter, sir. I'll call her for you, sir," the butler said as he started up the staircase.

"Those lab men ought to be here pretty soon," Detective Higgins informed Lieutenant Bradford as he entered the den. "I called the station and the captain said that they had already left."

"Good! I found out where the extension telephone is. Mrs. Dorchester had a daughter living with her and it's in her room upstairs."

"I never knew Mrs. Dorchester had a daughter living with her," Higgins told Lieutenant Bradford.

They both turned toward the French doors as an exhausted figure of a girl, about twenty-five, came through the large doors . Straggling blond hair hung over her face which was covered with a sparing amount of makeup. In a low voice Jones said, "Lieutenant Bradford, Detective Higgins, this is Miss Louise, Mrs. Dorchester's daughter."

"Thank you ,Jones. You may leave now. Send Dora in," Louise bade.

"Yes, Miss Louise," Jones answered as he departed through the arched hallway.

"You are Mrs. Dorchester's daughter? You were here last night?" Lieutenant Bradford asked Louise.

"Yes, of course, I was here last night," Louise answered hastily.

"How long did you stay with your mother?" the police officer inquired.

"I stayed with mother until nine o'clock, and then I left her sitting in the den. You can ask Dora, if you like," she answered as she turned toward the maid who had just come into the room.

Dora, a small, neatly dressed, elderly woman, nodded affirmingly.

"Mother usually stays up to watch the fire and read a book until eleven, and then Dora takes her to bed. She has done this ever since I can remember," Louise told him, trying to help the Lieutenant with his interrogation.

"Is there anyone who hated your mother or disliked her so much that, for some reason, he might want to kill her?" the Lieutenant continued.

"I wouldn't know if they'd want to kill her, but there was hardly anyone who liked mother," Louise replied tactlessly.

"That's a lie, if ever I heard one, Louise," came a voice from the doorway as Diane, Louise's sister, a fresh-looking girl of twenty, walked toward her. "Mother wasn't hated by anyone. You were always jealous of all the friends mother had. There were some people in Elm Grove who weren't mother's friends, but that was because they didn't know her well enough to say that they were her friends."

"Listen, Diane, you don't have to come here to make trouble. I know the people that were mother's friends much better than you do!" Louise fired back at Diane as their eyes met and Louise's face reddened. "You just can't keep your mouth closed!"

"Who can't keep her mouth closed?" Diane asked. "It's usually you who starts something. And then when mother was alive, she'd stick up for you. It's always been that way. I'm not afraid to say that I hated you both, but they can't say I murdered mother. I was in Chicago, hundreds of miles away, and I'd have nothing to gain by killing her. She had always liked Louise better than me, and I know she didn't leave anything to me," Diane said as she turned toward the detective.

"You're just lucky that you were in Chicago when mother was murdered. If you were home with mother and me, you'd be the first one everyone would suspect," Louise concluded harshly.

"Why, you....." Diane murmured in a despicable way.

"You two had better stop before you start throwing things at each other," Detective Higgins interrupted.

"Oh, it's this way every time Diane comes home," Louise began again.

"And who always starts the arguments?" Diane asked.

"I don't start them any more than you do and . . ."

"All right, all right, now this is enough. I'm leaving a police guard here and we're going to try to figure something out," Lieutenant Bradford said, trying once again to stop the quarrel. "You two see if you can possibly get together and talk, not argue, and try to think of someone that might have wanted to kill your mother," Lieutenant Bradford said as he and the detective left.

"Lieutenant Bradford! I'm so glad to see you! I hope you've got good news for me," Louise greeted the police officer a week later as she invited him in.

"Well, I'm sorry to say that I haven't. So far as we can find out, Miss Dorchester, you are the only person that would have a motive for killing your mother."

"Me! But why me? All I'd have to gain by mother's death would be all her wealth and what would I want with it when I already have all that I want now?" Louise asked innocently.

"Oh, come now. You don't have to tell me about the wealth you'd receive. Also, we have found out about your boy friend. He came here the day your

mother was murdered, just after we left. You forgot that we had a guard watching every person leaving or entering this place," Lieutenant Bradford told Louise.

"Jerry and I weren't hiding anything," Louise said.

"No, not now when your mother is dead, but we also found out that your mother didn't approve of your marrying Jerry. Now that she's dead, you figured that you'd get the inheritance, and you could get married, too," Lieutenant Bradford said as he tried to prove Louise guilty.

"No, I didn't kill mother!" Louise cried. "She was old and sickly, and she wouldn't have lived much longer anyway. I could marry Jerry after mother died and get all the inheritance anyway. Why should I kill her, and probably spend the rest of my life in prison?"

"We also found out that Jerry wasn't going to wait to get married. He was going to leave you, wasn't he, Louise?" the police officer inquired, looking at her with his piercing blue eyes.

"Yes, he was, but I still didn't murder her!" Louise reiterated.

"Well, everything points to you; you'd get the money after you got rid of her, and then you could marry Jerry. You hated her, and you were there at the time she was murdered."

"I didn't kill mother!" Louise cried. "I didn't! I had reason to kill her, I admit, but I didn't!"

Several weeks later, Louise Dorchester was found guilty of strangling her mother, Mrs. William Dorchester, with a nylon stocking and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the New York State Women's penitentiary.

Jerry had never given up trying to prove Louise's innocence. Although he had said he was going to leave Louise because she wouldn't marry him against her mother's wishes, he still loved Louise. He knew she hadn't killed Mrs. Dorchester, but how could he prove it, when every bit of evidence found was against her?

During the three years that followed, a series of changes had occurred in the Dorchester mansion; Diane had been married and had a child, now nearing his first birthday. All the Dorchester money had been turned over to the gradually increasing city because Mrs. Dorchester's will stated that "all money be turned over to the city for recreational improvement if Louise could not use or did not want any of the money." The gloomy mansion was then left to Diane, if she wanted it. And now, after Mrs. Dorchester was dead, Diane took over the house on top of the hill.

Jerry had come to work as a gardener for Diane. He took the job because the thought he might find new evidence which would help Louise.

One spring morning while he was washing the enormous windows of the mansion, Jerry noticed that the window he was going to take down was the one in the den where Mrs. Dorchester had been murdered. He took the window down the ladder. Just as he was about to throw water on it, he saw some blond strands of hair caught in the corner. He looked at them and then decided to examine the frame where the window had been. There were two short hairs caught there too. He immediately called Lieutenant Bradford.

Lieutenant Bradford brought two lab men with him, and they carefully took the hair from the window and the frame.

"I don't know what this will prove," Lieutenant Bradford said as he looked at Jerry.

"Someone might have gotten her hair caught in the window as he was climbing through to kill Mrs. Dorchester," Jerry explained.

"That might be so," the police officer agreed, "but Dora could have pulled up the window to get some fresh air in the den and when she stuck her head out, some of her hair could have gotten caught in the window, too."

"Now, Lieutenant, who would open a window way to the top just to get some fresh air?" Jerry said frankly. "Halfway, yes, but not as high as the window goes."

"Maybe so," Lieutenant Bradford agreed.

"And another thing, Lieutenant," Jerry said, trying to back up his new-found evidence," do you remember that it was early summer when Mrs. Dorchester was murdered? The windows were probably open for fresh air. It wouldn't have been hard for anyone to climb these vines on the side of the house and open

the window a little wider, crawl in, murder Mrs. Dorchester, and then leave."

"You may be right in all that you've said. We'll see after we find out whose hair this is," Lieutenant Bradford told Jerry.

"I hope so," Jerry said quietly. "I hope so."

After the police had driven through the tall gates of the estate, Diane came out to Jerry and asked him what the police had wanted.

"I think I've found some pretty important evidence, Diane," Jerry told her with a smile on his face. "I found some hair in the window frame and on the den window. The police took it down to the crime lab to examine it."

"Hair? But they couldn't prove any one guilty of a crime with some hair," Diane said harshly.

"You'd be surprised what people are proved guilty with nowadays."

Diane looked at Jerry with a puzzled look and then she turned and walked through the open gate to the terrace.

That afternoon when Diane answered the door, she was astonished to see Lieutenant Bradford and Detective Higgins.

"Good afternoon," Detective Higgins said.

"Good afternoon. Please come in," Diane said in low monotone.

"Mrs. Marlow, Louise has told us that you have blond hair and that she had noticed that you had dyed it to a very light brown. Why?" Lieutenant Bradford asked.

"Why . . . well, I hated blond hair, that's why. There's no crime in tinting a person's hair, is there?"

"There may be no crime in tinting your hair, but we can prove you guilty of killing your mother with just a specimen of your hair even though it is dyed. You want to tell us about it now, Mrs. Marlow?" Lieutenant Bradford asked.

"I hated her; I really did." Diane broke down and began to explain her story. "This was the only way I could get rid of her."

"By strangling her?"

"No, not mother! I hated her too, but not as much as Louise. I meant to get rid of them both; Louise would be accused of murdering mother and I'd be rid of them both; I wouldn't be accused of anything," Diane explained.

"But you would have stayed away from them both when you were traveling. You didn't have to murder one and frame the other, did you?" the lieutenant asked her, expecting Diane to continue the story.

"No, you see, mother would give me money to travel only when I came home, and then she'd give me only enough to get to the place I wanted to go. She wanted to get me home more often," Diane told him, more calmly. (Continued on page 24)

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by Darlene Duenkel

The Angel

In his eyes I find true love,
And in his hands the stars above,
In his movements the graceful breeze,
And in his voice the calm of seas.

In his dress I find perfection,
And his manners pass inspection,
In his heart I find pure gold
And other treasures still untold.

And when I tuck him in at seven,
Then I know he came from heaven,
Sent by God two years ago,
My littlest angel, I love him so.

by Kathy Herman

Modern Age

Four strings and about twenty songs ago,
He brought forth to this continent
A repulsive he--man burlesque show,
Which made some teens content.
Conceived of twists and turns
And dedicated to the sale of a disk,
These teens are engaged in sideburns,
Testing whether he is worth the risk.
We are met on this great battlefield of scandal,
Giving a portion of our time to him.
It is fitting and proper to handle
This man with the shakey limb.
But in a larger sense we cannot ban.
It would be an offense to stop this man .
With "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel,"
You should know by now,
In order to keep the rule,
You really have to know how.
In conclusion let us say,
Have no worry, have no fear .
There will come the day
When Elvis Presley will disappear.

Reviewed by Joan Radl

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL with an introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt Translated from the Dutch by B. M. Mooyaart—Doubleday; Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. in 1952; 238pp.

This is your life, Anne Frank, portrayed in the diary you wrote fifteen years ago. You never thought your two-year diary would be worth publishing in eleven different countries, including Germany. You might laugh and say, "Who wants to read the diary of a school girl? But my papa would be proud if he knew." Papa does know, and he is proud, because he was the one who brought your diary to the publishing house after he returned alone from the concentration camp.

* * *

In a simple and direct, yet mature style for a thirteen-year-old girl, Anne Frank has told the story of the World War II Jewish refuge in her DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. This book is an exact copy of the diary Anne wrote while she and seven others hid from the Nazis for two years in a warehouse in Holland.

Her diary is an example of the courage and hope that the war-torn people possessed. Never once did she complain of her cramped and boring existence. Rather, she tried to make her life interesting and planned for the future. Her descriptions of her fellow occupants are amusing, and her thoughts concerning life show her serious side. How we Americans would complain if we had to endure the inconveniences Anne and the rest did! Somehow, she managed to lead a somewhat normal life and even fell in love.

She did not condemn the Nazis, but accepted them and their reign of terror. The last entry shows that her freedom-loving spirit was with her till the end.

The book is only the story of an adolescent girl, but it proves that the youth of today is ready and willing to face the world and its hardships.

STRAND OF HAIR... (Continued from page 22)

"I went to Chicago this time and got a job as a restaurant hostess. Then after I had saved up a few weeks' pay, I took one of those bus tours for sightseers. Elm Grove wasn't far away from New York City where we were staying, so I decided to hitch hike to Elm Grove."

The police officers looked at each other as though they didn't believe Diane.

"Yes, I had it all planned. I knew you wouldn't think of checking bus companies to see if I had come to New York, and why should you, when every bit of evidence pointed to Louise? It took me nearly three hours to get to Elm Grove. Then when I got here, I climbed the vines on the side where the den is. I knew, too, that mother always sat by the fire until eleven and then Dora took her to bed.

"After I had climbed the vine, I pulled the window up all the way so that I could crawl in . I had to hurry and get it over with because at any minute Dora would be in with mother's milk. I was so filled with anger against mother that when I saw her fall lifelessly to the floor, I didn't care in the least. Now that I think of it, I really must have hated her.

"Anyway, as I was about to start climbing through the window, I could hear Dora coming up the stairs, so I hurried out the window. Just as I stuck my head through, some of my hair got caught in the frame. I guess that's the hair Jerry found this morning."

"Well, now we have to arrest you, Mrs. Marlow," Detective Higgins said bluntly. "Get your coat."

Diane walked into the bedroom and motioned the two police officers into the room with her.

"Look," she whispered, as she looked sadly at her baby lying in his bed. "The poor little thing doesn't know it, but he is going to be an orphan. His father left us when he was six months, and now I have to leave him, too. "Goodby, Johnny," she said with tears in her eyes.

As they walked outside, Diane turned toward the house and said, "I've really lived a worthless life, Lieutenant. All I've got to show for it is this spooky old mansion and an orphaned son. Not much, is it?" She asked as she swept away the tears from her eyes.

Detective Higgins took her by the arm and they walked to the car.

Reviewed by Sharon Ploederl

The Day Lincoln Was Shot

COMPLETELY AND VIVIDLY described in detail is the assassination of the sixteenth president of the United States in a 304 page best seller of last year, THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT. This fascinating book, which can be obtained in the school library, was written by Jim Bishop and published by Harpers in 1955.

The New Jersey born author, who worked for numerous newspapers, gathered most of the information from government documents over a period of seven years.

Hour by hour, from 7 a .m. April 14, 1865, to 7 a. m. the next day, we relive the happenings of the unforgettable day. The book also includes a chapter

on the previous happenings of Lincoln's life, one on the previous life of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and his conspiracy. The last chapter explains what happens to the members of the conspiracy and the immediate relatives of Lincoln after his death.

By Jim Bishop's giving the reader background on John Wilkes Booth, an actor by profession, we can understand what kind of a person he was, and why he thought he had the authority to kill an innocent man. The assassin once said, "I want my name to be remembered." His wish has come true. The American people do remember him.

Then after we know how shrewd this character was, we see him put his skill to work in planning his only goal in life. Booth covered and worked out every detail in his planning. To his disappointment practically everything went wrong, except the fact that he executed his plot.

From specific statements gathered by the author, we begin to suspect that Abraham Lincoln knew his life was coming to a close.

Most of the American people loved Lincoln, and we see how they show their love when many people try in vain to assist the president through his final hours.

The simple language used by Jim Bishop anyone can understand, and the style of writing holds the reader's interest from cover to cover. The author helps us to realize and understand better what the situation was on The Day Lincoln Was Shot.

by Judy Zagrodnik

Teenage Spoken Here

ALONG WITH ROCK 'N' ROLL, Bermuda shorts and other teenage fads, the teenagers' exclusive language can't be forgotten.

Of the 2000 languages in existence in the world today, "Teenage" is probably the most unique. Any average "teener" can speak it fluently, but most parents just shake their heads in wonder when a group of their offspring begin "shooting the breeze."

The group which is made up of teenagers from thirteen to fifteen years is not too difficult to understand, but if anyone who doesn't know the language gets to talking with a person in the sixteen to eighteen-year-old group, he'll probably need an interpreter.

When speaking of a current singing idol, teeners no doubt say he is "real cool" which, of course, means he's "hot!" Those who don't particularly fancy that phrase or like variety, might say he's "gone" or "the most, to say the least." Others might consider him a "real gone daddy-o", which translated means he's a "hep cat."

Teenagers also have phrases to describe things they don't like. The most common are "square" or "queer." Then there are those who combine the two and describe something as being "squeer."

Do you dig this, daddy-o? Fine! 'Cause there's still more. If something is especially touching to a teenager, it might be described as "rare" or "cra-a-azy, man, cra-a-azy!"

But there is still hope for today's teenagers because there are a chosen few who regularly indulge in colloquialism. (In other words, they speak English.)

As a parting remark, I would like to offer this word of advice to nonspeakers of this language. If you should happen to see a "Sweet Shop" with a sign that says "Teenage Spoken Here," I'd advise you to hop into your two-ton tutti-frutti truck and take off like a dirty shirt! (In the opposite direction).

by Margery Shallue

Honor is Empty

THE SUN SHONE brightly on the gray-streaked head of the woman sitting in the chair by the window. The lines of her face were deep beyond her years and the eyes in their hollow sockets had grown lusterless. The hands, once so capable and pretty, lay motionless in her lap. In front of her lay a paper with ten questions typed neatly in the center. The questions were on the life of John Keats. They held a memory for the woman, a memory best forgotten.

Emma Schwantes had been born the second daughter of a welder in a small city in Iowa. From the very beginning, she could remember envying her sister and whatever she did. It was Joanie this and Joanie that. No one could excel as well at anything as Joanie could. If only Emma were like her! That's what everyone thought. "Oh, Joanie is much prettier and so much smarter, don't you think?" the relatives observed when they came to visit. "Emma is so quiet; she's scared of her own shadow." And Emma would run off to bed to bury her head beneath the cool covers. Being alone was so blessed!

When she started school, Emma never played with the other children. Her only friend had been her sister and her sister wasn't there now. So Emma sat alone on the edge of the group, never taking part, never talking to the other children. Joanie, on the other hand, excelled here too. She made new friends and developed into a sort of kindergarten social butterfly. All the little boys would chase Emma home and throw mud-balls at her. They teased and taunted her until she cried and still they kept on. Then it was that Joanie came to the rescue. At one word from her, the boys scattered.

Early grade school was the same. Emma constantly was in her sister's shadow.

It was in the seventh grade that Emma finally found herself. Her grades suddenly became good; she was at the head of the class .Emma brought her report cards home with pride now for hers were better than Joanie's had been. The teachers found themselves depending more and more on this quiet child, especially for composition work. Her pen was magic and glided over the paper. But still Emma remained in her shell. She just couldn't let herself go as others her age did.

All the girls were crazy over Gary Cooper when Emma was in eighth grade. They all sent to Hollywood to get autographed pictures of him. Emma dismissed all this as being silly. What did anyone want with a picture of such an old man anyway? It was downright stupid!

Then came junior high school. This, Emma thought, would be her year to reform. She started well by going around with a group of girls she had gone to grade school with but never really known. They were nice girls, not wild like some. Next Emma managed to get the position of editor of the school newspaper. Everything was just fine. She even got to know quite a few boys; in fact, she developed a crush on one of them—the one who had his locker next to hers. When he took out one of her best friends, Emma gave up the cause as hopeless. Even if he did ask her out, her parents wouldn't let her go.

The year passed quickly and Emma was going to be a sophomore in high school. This was her big chance! The first thing that fall, student council and class officer elections were held. Then Emma really wished she were different, more popular, maybe. What an honor it would be to get a job like that!

Emma joined every club she could—Pep club, G.A.A. and the Sub-Deltas. She also worked hard at her studies and was rewarded by making the honor roll the very first period. Emma made the honor roll once or twice more that year and, at last, began to break the shell that seemed to be closed so tightly around her. It became a joy to meet new people. Joanie was forgotten.

Sophomore year passed and junior year rolled around. Emma enrolled in journalism class, her great love, and again joined many clubs. No honor roll this year though. No honor of any sort; that is not until spring when Emma was chosen to be editor-in-chief of the next year's newspaper staff. As far as she was concerned, that was tops! Then student coun-

cil elections came again and, miracle of all miracles, Emma was elected as representative from her home room. Now for sure her life was complete.

But without realizing it, Emma had developed a burning ambition—to make her name known in the world, to achieve honor. This ambition possessed Emma and she made new friends with the idea of getting ahead. What did it matter that the new friends were snobs? Every club she joined, every action was backed by her ambition.

But regardless of all her ambitions, Emma was still lonely. Thus far, she had never even had a date. Her first date came with the Homecoming dance in her senior year. Emma dressed carefully for the occasion, for it truly was a great stepping stone in her life.

The boy was dull; the evening duller. Emma was back in her rut before she knew it.

Honors came easily for Emma now. She was known as a hard worker and was chosen for chairmanships of all sorts. Her whole life had became centered around honor.

Emma applied to a good college not far from home—just far enough to make life interesting. Hard work and honors had made her eligible for several scholarships and she floated away to college in September on a cloud of happiness.

College wasn't what Emma had expected. All those who came home talked of nothing but sororities and fraternities, but Emma soon found it took more than luck to get into those. She was lucky though in having lots of honors to her credit and was immediately rushed by the best sorority on the c a m p u s. Of course, Emma accepted the bid offered to her. After all, who in her right mind would turn it down? The sorority held parties and more parties, and of course, all members were expected to attend. College life for Emma was one happy whirl. She even had dates. In fact, she had more dates than any other freshman she knew on the campus.

It couldn't last, Emma figured. It was all like a dream.

The dream came abruptly to an end when the first quarter grades were handed out. Emma had near failing grades in every one of her classes. But there was still a chance. She had until the end of the first semester to prove herself.

For the next two weeks Emma tried and tried hard. But she had slipped so far behind that it was pathetic. The sorority gave her no peace either. They threatened to drop her unless she attended more of their social functions. So Emma attended them, and when she got back to her room she studied until early morning.

Semester finals came and Emma was too worn out to do anything but hope. She dragged her way across the campus to the examination hall. It was such a relief to sit down.

The professor handed the tests out and the exam began. Emma looked at the paper but nothing came to her mind. Frantically she searched for the knowledge she knew was there. But the answers would not come. Hysteria overcame Emma and she pounded the table and screamed until the tears came. The professor angrily started down the hall towards her, but thought better of it and let her calm down. Emma's screams slowly subsided and the tears came faster now like a healing balm. Her experiences had left Emma exhausted and soon she fell into a deep sleep .

Emma rocked back and forth now, remembering. It was so long ago and yet so recent.

The attendant came in bearing a cake with candles flickering gaily.

"Come now, Emma," she encouraged. "Blow out your candles--all twenty-five of them. And then you may have your birthday cake all to yourself. You'll like that, won't you, dear?" And she left Emma to herself once more.

Emma could see the sun setting through the barred windows of the institution. She blew the candles with all the breath she could muster, but still one candle remained lit.

Emma stared at that candle as she thought of a line once written by a great poet, "Honor is but an empty bubble."

And Emma's bubble had burst.

by Joan Radl

My First Addiction

THIS IS MY TRUE, sad confession. I can't hide it anymore. I am revealing my first and only addiction. This is it! I am definitely an addict to the bottle. This habit has been forming for a number of years, and finally I have reached the point where I can't stop! I must have my bottle; I must, must, MUST! It is driving me insane. I can't stay away from it.

It all started a few years back. I'm just a drab, plain girl, and I needed something to boost my spirits —SPIRITS! Why, oh why, I couldn't stop after the original bottle I'll never know. At first I took only small doses until gradually I now consume whole bottles at a time. All my friends tell me I should stop, break the habit, but I can't. I've tried joining clubs, going on vacations, attending night school, but nothing stops my yearning for IT. When shall I ever learn that it is destroying me? Never!

This urge is maddening, and it is leaving me penniless. My hand is shaking, but I must finish my confession now before I fall into my usual stupor. Quick, somebody, anybody, help me! Run to the drugstore and get me a bottle of $H_2 O_2$.

by Mary Ann Newberg

A Happy Moment

"COME ON, RED; come on, white; come on, Lincoln, fight, fight!"

Those were the words that I heard when I was waiting for my turn to put on a cheering exhibition before the whole student body in my sophomore year. That day will always bring back memories of accomplishment to me. In junior high school, I had told myself that when I got into senior high school ,I was going to be a cheerleader.

I can remember that on that day I wore my fullest skirt and my frilliest petticoats. In fact, my mother used a whole bottle of starch trying to make the petticoats stiff enough. Since we were trying out on the first day of spring, my girlfriend and I bought spring flowers to wear because we thought that it m i g h t bring us good luck.

The program was arranged so that the welcoming of the exchange students back from Mississippi would be first, then the awarding of basketball letters and finally, us. Those were the longest moments of waiting in my life, even worse than waiting for a late date. I think I combed my hair fifteen times, practiced the cheers ten times, and drank water until it came out of my ears. Finally, after waiting for an hour, it was our turn to go out on the stage and cheer. I think the butterflies in my stomach were playing cops and robbers because my hands and knees were shaking.

When I found out that I had been chosen to represent Lincoln as a cheerleader, I was so happy that I cried.

Now I have been a cheerleader for two years and soon will have to turn in my uniform for someone else to wear. I know that I will never regret being on the cheering squad because it was a wonderful experience. It has taught me how to take responsibility, m a k e friends, and, most of all, overcome the fear of performing in front of people.

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